

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

MISSION TO THE RICH.



Lady Wimborne, one of the titled ladies who have volunteered to assist in the house-to-house canvass in support of the Torrey-Alexander Mission.—(Lafayette.)

DEATH OF THE "RED VIRGIN."



Louise Michel, the famous French Revolutionary agitator, who has just died at Marseilles in her seventy-fifth year. She was well known as the "Red Virgin" of the Republic.

LONDON UNDERGROUND TRAMWAYS NEAR COMPLETION.



The work of completing the shallow underground tramway to the Embankment is being rapidly pushed forward. The above shows the Southampton-row entrance to the subway, where the cars from Theobald's-road will pass below Kingsway.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

OYAMA REINFORCED

15,000 Men of the Victorious
Port Arthur Army
Journey North.

IMPARTIAL KAISER.

Both Nogi and Stoessel Receive the
Order "Pour le Merite."

395 MINES CLEARED.

The consequences of the fall of Port Arthur are now about to manifest themselves in Manchuria.

Little more than a week has elapsed since the fortress capitulated, but already 15,000 of Nogi's men are on their way northward to join Oyama's forces.

More will no doubt follow without loss of time, while the already powerful artillery at Oyama's disposal is likely to be further strengthened by the heavy guns from Port Arthur.

With the same promptness the Japanese have set about the work of clearing the approaches to Port Arthur of the mines laid by the Russians.

No fewer than 395 of these mines have already been cleared away within a radius of forty miles from the stronghold.

A St. Petersburg message to the "Echo de Paris" says that the Tsar is anxious to see General Stoessel, and learn from him the circumstances which forced the surrender of Port Arthur.

The Emperor William has conferred on Generals Stoessel and Nogi the Order "Pour le Merite" in recognition of the heroic bravery shown by them and their troops at the siege of Port Arthur, and has asked the Emperors of Russia and Japan to authorise the recipients to accept the distinction.

PEACE PROSPECTS.

Remarkable Impetus to "Stop-the-War" Movement in Russia.

The "stop-the-war" party is growing stronger in Russia.

If M. Witte lends his support to Count Lansdorff, a peace will not be impossible, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien."

In certain military circles the fall of Port Arthur has caused the greatest pessimism as to the outcome of the war. It is said that Russia would do well to stop the war, which can be resumed when her fleet is quite ready.

Press opinion is, however, on the whole unfavourable to peace.

"The conclusion of peace," says the "Novoye Vremya," "now or at some future time, before Russia has had complete revenge, would be absolutely impossible."

The "Svet" also declares itself in favour of carrying on the war to the bitter end.

The "Slovo" pleads for the conclusion of peace, which could not compromise the military prestige of Russia after the brilliant defence of Port Arthur.

TSAR'S MINISTERS.

Will M. Witte Succeed Prince Mirski as Minister of the Interior?

When the momentous decision of the Tsar on the question of reform was announced it was expected that changes in his Ministry would follow.

These, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette," have now been made as follows:—

"M. Miravieff resigns the Ministry of Justice and goes to Rome as Ambassador."

It is reported that M. Witte becomes Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior.

"The Grand Duke Serge resigns, and Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky takes the Governorship of the Caucasus."

An important meeting is now sitting, says the "Westminster," to decide the question of the freedom of the Press. Great changes are expected with the Russian New Year.

On the other hand, Reuter says that there is the highest official authority for stating that the categorical announcement that Prince Mirski has resigned belongs to the sphere of purely speculative anticipation.

"YELLOW PERIL" IN PARIS

Alleged Disclosure of Japan's Territorial Ambitions in the East.

OFFICIAL DENIAL.

Paris has a bad attack of the "Yellow Peril" scare.

Yesterday, in accordance with a promise previously given, the "Echo de Paris" published the first portion of a highly sensational document. It is alleged to be a report made by Baron Kodama to the Emperor in the spring of the year 1902.

At that time Baron Kodama was Viceroy and Governor of the Island of Formosa, territory gained by Japan as the result of the Chino-Japanese war. Formosa is the most southerly part of the Japanese territory.

The alleged report discloses surprising ambition on the part of Japan in the direction of territorial expansion.

Two alternatives are considered. The first is an attack upon the European races in Southern Asia, and especially upon France in Indo-China. In the event of such a policy being adopted, the strategic position of Formosa as a base of attack is carefully considered.

The second alternative is an attack upon Russia, with the object of wresting Manchuria from the grasp of the Muscovites.

SHOULD FRANCE BE ATTACKED?

The reasons for an attack upon the French possessions in Asia are reviewed dispassionately. They include the weakness of the French naval and military forces in Asia, and the lack of transport facilities which would impede the arrival of reinforcements.

The reasons against an attack on the French possessions are then set out. If conquered, these territories would afford small scope for Japanese emigrants. Meanwhile, Russia, seeing Japan's hands full, would be pushing on towards Korea.

The summing up is therefore against an attack upon the French possessions.

In the second part of the document, which is to be published to-day, it is stated that the pros and cons of an attack upon Russia are similarly considered. The final summing-up is strongly in favour of this alternative, with the prospect of a war upon France at a later period.

DOCUMENT "A PURE INVENTION."

PARIS, Tuesday.—The Japanese Legation this afternoon issued a communiqué, denouncing as pure invention the supposed confidential report addressed in 1902 to Count Katsura, the Japanese Premier, by General Kodama, ex-Minister for War, published by the "Echo de Paris." It is believed to be part of a newspaper campaign, and, says the Japanese Legation, it is necessary to declare once and for all that Japan has never had any intention of entering into aggression against the Asiatic possessions of European Powers.—Exchange.

"VERY FOOLISH" SAYS HAYASHI.

On being shown these statements Viscount Hayashi made the following comment: "In my position I can say nothing. But it is too ridiculous. It has been spoken of as the 'Yellow Peril Bogey.' I think that that is about correctly describing it. But if people wish to believe in a yellow peril I cannot prevent them. It is very foolish."

NORTH SEA INQUIRY.

Rules of Procedure Considered at Yesterday's Meeting in Paris.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The International Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea incident reassembled at ten o'clock this morning, and continued the work of drawing up its rules of procedure.

The Commission also had under consideration the question of the manner in which the pleadings were to be made—whether verbally or in writing. Nothing has yet been decided on the subject.

The rules of procedure will not be definitely drawn up until to-morrow. They will not consist of fewer than twenty-four clauses.

As soon as the rules have been agreed to the Commission will enter upon the inquiry into the circumstances of the firing on the Hull fishing-boat.—Reuter.

ATLANTIC MAIL DELAYS.

Business men in London and New York are indignant at the continuous delay in the Wednesday Atlantic mails, which take nine and sometimes ten days before they are delivered instead of seven.

By contrast the German express steamers which leave Southampton on Wednesday land their mails in New York on the following Tuesday, but no British letters are sent by these fast steamers unless they are especially marked with the name of the steamer on the envelope.

For reasons unknown the Postmaster-General has declined to send letter-sorters on board the British liners.

FUSS ABOUT A FLEET.

Germany Enraged at Dark Hints in the "Army and Navy Gazette."

KAISER'S CONCERN.

During the past few weeks the entire German Press has been in a state of wild excitement in consequence of an article which appeared in the "Army and Navy Gazette" on November 12.

The article in translation represented, among other things, that the "British semi-official organ, the 'Army and Navy Gazette,' advised that England should wipe out the German fleet." Its appearance in the "Berliner Tageblatt" was the cause of an extraordinary outburst of indignation, and aroused angry feelings, even in the most exalted circles.

As a consequence, Count von Bülow addressed a Note to Lord Lansdowne, informing him that the Emperor had been much perturbed by the article in question, and suggested a modification in the tone of the British newspaper.

The translator, Count von Reventlow, headed his article, "Blood is thicker than water," and in various ways misrepresented and misquoted the "Army and Navy Gazette."

He warned the German people not to minimise the importance of the remarks, and declared that the English paper was conducted by persons of much influence. Then he misplaced certain comments, removed them from their context, and placed them with other sentences in quotation marks.

But the sentences which incensed Germany and the German Emperor were to the effect that the

GREAT CLIFF-SLIDE.

Gap of a Quarter of a Mile Near St. Margaret's Bay, Dover.

200,000 TONS FALLEN.

Tremendous falls of cliff took place at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, yesterday.

It is estimated that the total weight of the fallen matter is quite 200,000 tons. Eastward of St. Margaret's Bay there is now a gap in the cliffs extending for a quarter of a mile, marking the place of the occurrence.

The first fall took place at eight o'clock in the morning. It was accompanied by a terrific crash, which brought the good people of St. Margaret's running out of their houses to learn what was the matter.

It was at once seen that the severe frosts and heavy rains of the winter had loosened an immense mass of chalk cliff, some of which had already fallen.

As soon as this had been ascertained two or three of the boldest investigators promptly retired from the cliff to a place of safety.

They were just in time. Five minutes after they had left the spot a huge mass of the cliff fell over with an appalling crash. When the cloud of white dust had cleared away they recognised that the spot on which they had been standing was involved in the fall.

Further falls happened during the day, the cliff path and portions of the pasture-land beyond it toppling down on to the beach.

The extreme house in the village is now within a few hundred yards of the chasm, and further great masses of chalk have been loosened, and are likely to fall at any moment.

The mass of fallen matter is thirty feet high and extends seawards about a quarter of a mile.

A huge crack now shows on the top of the cliff, which, the coastguards say, is the preliminary to a further fall of cliff even greater than that which has already occurred.

195,300 ALIENS.

Number of "Undesirables" Who Arrived in London During 1904.

Interesting and instructive reading is contained in a return published yesterday of the number of aliens that arrived from the Continent at ports in the United Kingdom in each month of the year 1904.

The total reached the enormous figure of 195,300. Compared with the aggregate of 207,191 in the year 1903, this shows a slight reduction, which may be taken to indicate that the "undesirables" scattered over the earth have learned that Great Britain is not now opening her arms quite so widely to receive them.

There is one misleading column in the returns. It sets forth that 99,576 were described in the alien lists as passing through British ports on their way to places outside the United Kingdom.

This is a delusion. It is well known that aliens habitually play off this ruse upon the authorities, when they have no other intention but to settle in London or other English towns. Mile End knows all about this.

WANDERING SCOTS.

Aberdeen Harbour Deputation Mysterious Lost in London.

Has anyone in London seen a deputation of the Aberdeen Harbour Board wandering about? Their accent and provincial, municipal air should aid in their identification.

They left the granite city at a comparatively recent, but unspecified, date, and either by accident or design have covered their tracks so well that since their departure nothing has been heard of them with the exception that one of their number, an ex-provost of Aberdeen, was seen in the Coliseum on Saturday night.

The chief-constable and the convener of the board have made the most stringent investigations as to the deputation's whereabouts in the metropolis, but to no purpose; and if they should read this they are requested to communicate at once with "Aberdeen Awa."

The committee's pilgrimage to London had to do with the storage of oil. The episode is exciting universal comment in Scotland, and several papers devote leading articles to it.

M. SYVETON'S STRONG-BOX.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The strong-box of the late M. Syveton was opened this morning at the Crédit Lyonnais.

It contained nothing but unimportant papers.—Reuter.

MORE TRANSVAAL GOLD.

Last year's output of gold in the Transvaal, according to a cablegram received yesterday from the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, was 8,779,621 ounces, valued at £16,054,509.

This shows an increase over the year 1903 of 151,862 ounces in weight and £3,405,561 in value.

GENERAL ELECTION DUE IN MARCH

Mr. Chamberlain Would Not Regret an Opposition Victory.

"THEN A TRIUMPH."

The general election is not far off. Such, at any rate, is the general opinion among influential politicians of both parties.

Many mention the month of March as the probable date of dissolution. Nor are they turned from this belief by the fact that Cabinet Ministers and the official organisers repudiate any such idea. It is not unusual for officials to assume this attitude on the eve of dissolution.

Some members of the Government have in private life indicated their expectation that the session may not be allowed to run its normal course, but that either amendments upon the Address or the exigencies of the next Budget may result in an appeal to the country.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S MESSAGE

"A Short Time in Opposition Would Invigorate the Party."

At an opportune time comes, through Reuter's Melbourne correspondent, an extract from a letter dated November 30, which Mr. Chamberlain sent to Mr. Beale, of Sydney, declining the invitation extended to him to visit Australia.

Mr. Chamberlain remarks that the Opposition are "impatient to replace the Unionists, and he personally would not regret it, as the swing of the pendulum should give them the opportunity of showing the real character of their alternative policy."

He adds: "A short time in opposition would invigorate and unite our Party. Then, on our return to power, look forward to a triumph!"

PRESTON'S GREAT MEETING.

Lancashire Cotton Operatives Getting Ready a Battery of Questions.

Lancashire is agog to-day regarding Mr. Chamberlain's great meeting in Preston public hall to-night, when the indefatigable missionary of Empire will expound his tariff reform views to an audience of 5,000 people.

Mr. Chamberlain is promised a veritable bombardment of questions from the free trade section of the Lancashire cotton spinners, manufacturers, and operatives; and it is felt locally that the success of the future protectionist campaign in the county depends largely upon the nature of Mr. Chamberlain's replies.

BATTLE OF MILE END.

Relatives of the Late Member Support Both Candidates.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MILE END, Tuesday.—A striking illustration of the evils resulting from alien immigration came to light in Mile End to-day.

A Unionist canvasser reported that in one of the alien-haunted streets in the constituency he had traced a voter who had changed his address.

The man was a cabinet-maker. He had been driven from a comfortable home in a neighbouring street by aliens who had offered a much higher rent in order to sub-let the tiny premises to half a dozen alien families, who now welter within its walls.

An interesting feature of the election is the political division of the great Charrington family in the contest.

Mr. Spencer Charrington, the son of the late member, has circulated the electors on behalf of Mr. Lawson. But Mr. Frederick Charrington, who a few years ago, gave up his share in the famous brewery on account of his temperance principles, asks the electors "as a personal favour" to vote for Mr. Straus.

BUDGET ANTICIPATION.

In answer to a correspondent who wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asking for an estimate that in the event of the coal tax being increased special treatment would be allowed in favour of pre-Budget contracts, Mr. Austen Chamberlain has replied that he has no reason to suppose that what was done in the case of existing contracts in 1901 would not be done in the event of an increase in the duty on coal, but he does not anti-

INFLUENZA'S GRIP.

Watery Eyes and Aching Backs the Heritage of Hundreds.

Influenza has got London in its cruel grip, not for the first time this winter, and hundreds of victims go daily to their business with watery eyes, troublesome coughs, a variety of pains in all parts of the body, and a general expression of intense gloom.

The hospitals are all full and the various nursing institutes are kept busily supplying the demands of wealthy people, who believe in medical care and comfort when they are sick.

Doctors attribute the sudden increase in influenza since Christmas to the continuous changes of climate that have been experienced during the last few days—snow, rain, sunshine, and frost in quick succession.

For persons of delicate constitution it has been more difficult to avoid catching a chill. No weather bureau could hope to successfully gauge the London temperature twelve hours ahead.

A well-known West End doctor, in an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, said, "The number of people who have been taken ill the last few days is most extraordinary. The symptoms are pains in the head, back, and abdomen, accompanied with intermittent stages of feverishness."

"The only cure is to keep in one temperature for a week or ten days, and live on slop diet."

"Owing to the cold weather in the Riviera this winter many well-to-do invalids have had to stay at home and brave the terrors of the English climate. Fortunately," said the doctor, "the influenza has not been so fatal this winter, but it is a very trying complaint, as it is so difficult to shake off."

"Its worst feature is the depression of spirits which accompanies it, and leaves the patient in a fanciful, morbid condition."

DOINGS OF ROYALTY.

Court Will Go Into Residence at Windsor Castle Next Week.

The King paid a visit yesterday to Lord George Hamilton at Walmer, returning to Buckingham Palace in the evening. Accompanying his Majesty were the Home Secretary and Sir Schomberg McDonnell.

At the end of next week the King and Queen are expected to go into residence at Windsor Castle, and the Prince and Princess of Wales will arrive at Frogmore on January 21.

On Sunday, January 22, the fourth anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria will be marked by a memorial service in the royal tombhouse at Frogmore.

On the following Tuesday the King and the Prince of Wales, together with Prince Christian, will shoot over the royal covers near Virginia Water, where a great quantity of game abounds.

PIRATE KING'S SKIN SOLD.

Relic of Church-pillaging Days Sold for Three Guineas per Square Inch.

It is a utilitarian age we live in. Proof of this was found, if proof were needed, at Stevens's auction rooms yesterday, when a square inch of skin, that had 900 years ago formed part of the mortal coil of a Danish pirate King, was knocked down at the ignominious price of three guineas, there being no advance among the unromantic audience.

The story is that the Danish pirate king was captured in the act of pillaging a church at Hadstock, in Essex, and was flayed for his offence, his hide being nailed to the church door as a terror to other evildoers.

As the centuries rolled on pieces of the skin were removed by curio hunters, until all that remained was scarcely larger than a postage stamp. The remnant sold yesterday was found under one of the hinges when the door had been removed for repairs.

DOES NOT OWN 1,200 HOUSES.

During the hearing of a case in the Wandsworth County Court, Mr. Andrew James Walke was said to be the owner of 1,200 houses.

His wealth as a householder has been the talk of the suburb of Denmark Hill during the ten years he has lived in his fine, old Victorian house, but there is a but—a but.

"I do not possess 1,200 houses," he told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "The statement is an exaggeration."

So another local tradition dies, as so many have died before.

GREEN PEAS 15s. A QUART.

New green peas and fresh mint were on sale in London yesterday.

Prices, however, were exorbitant except for those with exceptionally long purses. The peas were 15s. a quart and the mint was worth almost its weight in

REVIVAL WAVE.

Peers' Sons and Policemen Will Sing in the Great 3,000-Voiced Choir.

TITLED LADY WORKERS.

All the signs point to a wave of religious enthusiasm breaking over the metropolis. When the Torrey-Alexander Mission opens in London the evangelists will find a hopeful welcome awaiting them.

The house-to-house call by titled ladies is being organised by a committee composed of some 120 or 150 ladies of rank and fashion, who meet on Saturday mornings for the discussion of their plans.

All London is to be divided into districts, some of which, with their heads, are as follows:—

Kensington—Colonel Campbell.
Chelsea—Mr. Fosberry.
Kilburn—Rev. Mr. Watkins.
Hammersmith—Rev. Mr. Pope.
Fulham—Mr. Wood.
Paddington—Dr. Hanson.
Westminster—Dr. C. Morgan.

At the Hon. Emily Kinnaird's residence in Mount-street, the *Daily Mirror* was yesterday informed that immense interest was being taken in the work.

Centred, as it will be, in the heart of the West End, the mission is mainly intended for the class which can so seldom be reached. The idea is that the unconverted should be taken in hand by persons of their own station in life.

Already some meetings are being held in connection with the mission. These take place on

MISSING MISS BOONE.

Mysterious Sudden Disappearance from Home of a Young Girl.

Can a pretty young lady vanish in London as completely as though the earth had swallowed her up, without anybody ever having seen her?

It seems hard to believe so. Yet this is the only conclusion possible in the case of Miss Gertie Mabel Boone, a girl of twenty-two, whose mysterious disappearance from her Bordesbury home has created a sensation.

Miss Boone, whose parents occupy a large house in Fordwych-road, has, it appears, been in delicate health for some time, but her manner has been the same as ordinarily. Just a week ago she got up as usual, dressed herself, and about noon signified her intention of going out.

She did not mention where she was going, but as she took her first-class season ticket on the Metropolitan Railway from Bordesbury to Gower-street with her it was presumed that she was going to town.

Where she went to after leaving home is a mystery. She should have been in dinner, and as she did not come her parents began to be anxious. At night, as no sign of her was forthcoming, her father, very much distressed, informed the local police.

Seven days have passed and not a sign of her has been discovered, nor even a clue which would suggest what had happened to her. The police authorities have done all in their power to trace the missing lady, but with no result.

The missing girl is described as 5ft. 4in. in height, with pale complexion, dark eyes, and auburn hair.

MR. VASEY PHOTOGRAPHED.

Miraculously Cured Blind Man After Forty-three Years Poses for the "Mirror."

For forty-three years Mr. George Vasey, of Shildon, Durham, who has just recovered his eyesight after many years total blindness, refused to have his photograph taken.

When requested to do so by his family and relations Mr. Vasey said, "No one wants to see the picture of an old man like me, and it costs a lot of money."

The *Daily Mirror*, however, has persuaded him to break his record. The old man, who is active and healthy for his sixty-one years, walked briskly from his cottage to the photographer's, a distance of about half a mile.

Passing through the grim-looking streets of Shildon Mr. Vasey was frequently stopped by people of all classes who wanted to make sure that he could really see.

Black-looking colliers gazed at the old man in wonder. To those who have seen him tapping with his stick along the road for years it seemed a miracle that he could now see.

The photograph of Mr. Vasey, taken under such interesting circumstances, is published on page 8.

MURDER ON A COMMON.

Third "Confession" to a Crime Committed at Barnes in 1894.

Since a man named James Wells was murdered on Barnes Common in 1894 three men have confessed to committing the crime.

The third man is George Frampton, a pianoforte maker, of Hammersmith, who was charged on his own confession at Mortlake yesterday and remanded. Prior to this a man named Alfred Walsh had given himself up in 1894, and a Hammersmith painter named Arthur Baker in 1903. Both men's stories of committing the murder were proved to be fabrications.

Evidence was given yesterday that Frampton, in a written confession, stated that he had had betting transactions with Wells, who refused to pay £40. After following Wells over Hammersmith Bridge to Barnes Common, and asking him in vain for the money, he struck him several times on the back of the head.

NO RIDDLE OF LIFE.

"There is no riddle of life," said Bishop Thorne, in addressing a dinner-hour congregation of railway men at Blackburn yesterday.

"Philosophers might talk of the enigma of existence, but we were sent into the world to do good, and those who waste their life in pleasure ignore the first purpose of their being."

F.A.F. MATINEE.

Great pleasure must be felt by the organisers of the Fresh Air Fund Matinee, given in the St. James's Theatre, yesterday, for both artistically and financially it was a complete success.

The auditorium was crowded with children, children sold the programmes, and children provided the brightest, most unique entertainment seen on



Rev. Thomas Phillips, of Norwich, who is coming to London to take over the pastorate of Bloomsbury Chapel. (Haines.)

Tuesday afternoons, January 17, 24, and 31. The first was held yesterday at Mortley Hall, George-street, Hanover-square. Among those who have promised to give their support to the meetings are Lord Kinmel, the Rev. Evan Hopkins, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and Prebendary H. W. Webb-Peploe.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are expected in London about February 3, and are full of hope as to the success of their London campaign.

Nearly all the 3,000 choristers who have joined the Torrey-Alexander Mission to the West End assembled in the Albert Hall last night, and demonstrated their efficiency under the leadership of Mr. Fox Butlin.

The choir is drawn from all classes of society, from both sexes, and all ages.

There are boys and girls of sixteen, and basses and tenors of sixty. "Honourables," ladies, and gentlemen stand side by side and lift up their voices with seamstresses and policemen.

L.C.C. DECEIVED.

When the London County Council placed its contracts for thirty paddle boats it was hoped that twenty would be built on the Thames.

Ten were placed in the hands of the Thames Ironworks, to be built at Blackwall, and ten with Messrs. Thorneycroft, of Chiswick.

The *Daily Mirror* is now able to state, however, that Thorneycroft are building all their boats at

HUSBANDS FOR LONE SPINSTERS.

Many Bachelors Join "Mr. X" in His Search for a Wife.

THE "HAMPTON" GIRL.

"Mr. X" is by no means the only bachelor looking for a wife. The many letters from women seeking him for a husband are rivalled in number by the letters from bachelors asking to be put in communication with possible wives.

Many have singled out the Hampton girl of twenty-three, whose letter appeared in the *Daily Mirror* of Monday. Their letters have been forwarded, and the matter is now in her hands.

One Hastings correspondent, who writes a good, businesslike letter, in which he merely states his circumstances, and asks that they may be investigated, is a secretary, aged thirty.

A lonely bachelor of twenty-nine, who says that he is in business for himself, and is looking for a partner, hopes that, as "Mr. X" cannot marry all his correspondents, we will see after him, too, and asks first to be put into communication with "A Hampton Girl." So does a commercial traveller, who writes from Watford, and gives his age as twenty-six. So many others.

Another, who signs himself "XX," (as well as his full name and address in the south-west district of London), says that the only reason why, as a prosperous man of forty, he is still unmarried is want of introductions.

"I am a Freeman of the City of London," he says, "smart, very active, enjoy good health, can draw and paint, am also fond of photographs. Yet I have never met 'Miss Right.'"

From Leicester comes an appeal which shall also be nameless.

Thirteen Years' Search.

I should be pleased to be introduced to a sensible lady of mature age. I have been on the lookout for a sensible partner for thirteen years, having been a widower for fifteen. I am not an adventurer or a fortune-hunter. I am a well-known man in several counties, have occupied what may be called a public profession. My intentions are strictly honest.

Thirteen years is a long time to have been seeking a partner unsuccessfully.

Writing from London address, another bachelor of forty says that he has come to the conclusion that "bachelor life is not worth living"; while "All Alone," who writes from Eastbourne, says he is only too anxious to get married, but cannot find the woman with whom he would share the rest of his life.

I am a young man, he says, not yet thirty; smart, not bad-looking, in a fair position. I know several giddy, thirty girls, but what I want is a sensible girl. She must know how to mend your clothes or cook your dinner.

Another unwilling bachelor, who signs himself "Doctor," writes on the business paper of a large firm, and gives a private address in a central part of London, asks the *Daily Mirror* to find him a wife.

Decent Sort of a Chap.

I am a professional man, aged thirty-seven, a decent sort of a chap. But I cannot get married for want of the chance. Yet I know there are lots of nice, attractive women in the world. Will you arrange for me, as well as "Mr. X"? Can't you find me a wife?

Mr. "X's" letters are many and varied. Most of his correspondents draw attention to the loneliness of his position and their own, and in that find the bond which is to unite them. From Hull comes this plaint of loneliness, signed "Hope."

I am a gentlewoman by birth, but have to earn my living as a companion. I am thirty-five, fond of home life, bright, and affectionate. I see nothing before me but a lonely life, and that not by any means desire.

Though she says that she is quite happy in her single life, "A Contented One" writes that she is prepared to make "Mr. X" happy.

JUDGE AND ACTRESSES.

How Vanity Affects Members of the Chorus and Ballet.

There was an amusing theatrical case before Judge Addison, K.C., at Southwark County Court yesterday, in which his Honour showed himself an authority on stage matters.

The action, which had been remitted from the High Court, was a claim by H. and M. Rayne, theatrical costumers, of Waterloo-road, against Harry Bruce, actor, manager, and author, of Crampton-street, Walworth, for £41 5s. 10d. for goods supplied. The goods included tights, devil's shoes, "vanisher," etc., for a touring company for South Africa.

The tour, it was stated, proved a failure, and when Mr. Bruce was pressed for payment he said the company belonged to a Miss Margaret Trevor, and he was only her manager.

Mr. Henry Rayne, a member of the firm of costumers, was asked by Mr. Ricardo, who appeared for the defence, whether it was usual for the actresses to supply their own costumes.

His Honour: If you are curious, Mr. Ricardo, I will tell you what is usual. Ladies' shoes are awkward and difficult things to fit, and so they provide their own. Then ladies are very vain about tights, especially the ladies in the chorus and the ballet, and so they provide their own. (Laughter.)

The Costumier: That is exactly the rule, your Honour.

The Judge: The proprietor finds everything else, even the paint. The girls do not provide that, I

NELSON WIDOWS.

Pathetic Story of Poverty and Disappointment.

PENSION PROMISES.

The failure of the Nelson Tea Company to pay the 10s. weekly pensions to widows is bringing disaster to many homes in the metropolis.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* visited two of the working-class districts where the novel tea-pension scheme had been received with favour. Agents had taken the cards out of the windows, and one traveller stated that his sale of 600b. a week had fallen to 20b. within six weeks. "It wasn't worth doing."

"There are too many widows. That's the secret of the whole trouble, and nothing will pull the scheme to the front again."

Further afield, one of the widows in receipt of the dole was found. She was Mrs. Taylor, of 32, Langler-road, Kensal Rise, W. She has two little children to support, and the loss to her of 10s. a week is a heavy blow.

"I have been in receipt of a small pension from Nelson's Tea Company ever since my husband died in March last, and the 10s. a week received helped me to keep my head above water.

"About a month ago, however, without any notice from Nelson's, the pension of 10s. a week was

LOVER IN AMBUSH.

Jealous Suitor Waits for His Sweetheart with a Revolver.

Lurking in hiding in the cowshed of a farm near St. Heliers, Jersey, Jean Louis Paillardon waited, revolver in hand for the approach of Marie Cheron.

She was the pretty milkmaid with whom he—a labourer on the same farm—had fallen madly in love. For a time she had reciprocated his passion, but afterwards a rival came on the scene. Raging with jealousy, the young Frenchman waited to kill the girl whom he loved.

As was her wont, she came down the farm-yard at an early hour in the morning to milk her master's cows. It was still dark as she entered the shed, and as she did so Paillardon stepped from his hiding-place and closed the door upon her. Then three times he fired with the revolver. One shot struck her above the left eye, the next smashed her lantern, and the third entered her chest.

Paillardon then placed the weapon to his forehead and shot himself. He lingered from that morning—January 2—until yesterday, when he died. A verdict of Suicide was returned at the inquest, a doctor stating that in the case of the girl the shot in her chest was very near the heart, and could only be removed by a very serious operation.

FLED LIKE A DEER.

Prisoner Who Escaped from His Captor and Took Fences in His Stride.

In the dock at Waltham Petty Sessions Court yesterday stood Heinrich Petersen, the athletic young foreigner who showed a clean pair of heels to the police and—in the words of one of his pursuers—cleared fences and ditches like a deer.

Petersen, who is charged with stealing £22 18s. from his employer, Hans Ooeharsen, broke away from the custody of Sergeant Jones while he was being taken to Waltham Abbey police station on New Year's Eve. It was not till two days later that he was recaptured outside the Bank of England after an exciting struggle.

Such violent resistance was offered by Petersen when he was recaptured that it took nearly a dozen police officers and civilians to overpower him. He had to be carried face downwards in the manner of the "frog's march" to the police station.

He was committed for trial.

SOLICITOR'S TIN "SAFE."

Story of Startling Discoveries After a Lawyer's Flight to Australia.

Flight to Australia.

Though at present a charge involving a sum of £1,150 is the only one against John Frederick Murley, for many years a well-known West of England solicitor, counsel prosecuting for the Treasury intimated at Bristol Police Court yesterday that there would be further charges.

These, the prosecution alleged, will show that he had defrauded the estate of a Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Russell, of which he was joint trustee, of something like £8,000.

He appeared (counsel stated) to have taken the matter entirely into his own hands. Very little money could be squeezed out of him, and he equivocated when asked to show his deeds.

Eventually he showed a bundle of second mortgages, which were worthless, and when comered by a request for other documents he said they were in his safe at his residence at Weston-super-Mare.

Finally he fled the country, and was arrested at Sydney. There was, added counsel, no safe at his house; only a tin box with no lock, and a piece of cord tied round it.

A remand was ordered.

Twenty-two years a clerk in the London and Provincial Bank, Ernest Haines Creswell was sentenced at the Mansion House yesterday to six months' hard labour for stealing over £500.



For CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It relieves the pain of teething, cures the soreness of the gums, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/- per bottle.

IN THE STORM'S WAKE.



View of a Yarmouth street after the high tide which inundated that town. Some time elapsed before the water subsided.—(Photograph by Ayers, Great Yarmouth.)

am sure, because it is used so indifferently. (Laughter.)

Judge Addison gave judgment for the plaintiffs with costs.

"I am afraid the only satisfaction you will get, Mr. Rayne," he remarked, "will be the privilege of reading the case in the newspapers, so I hope the reporters will make it interesting."

BETTING "LICENCES."

Bookmakers Who Pay a Monthly Fine and Laugh at the Law.

There is a remarkable scene at Stockton-on-Tees every day during the meal-time from twelve till two o'clock.

The Quayside at that time is packed with working men, women, boys, and girls, who swarm down to put their money on the horses they fancy for the day's races.

Every month the bookmakers are summoned before the magistrates and fined £5 each for betting in the streets.

The bookmakers do not even trouble to go to court, but simply send the £5, and look up to it as a licence. During the last two years the fines have amounted to over £2,000.

PLAYWRIGHT'S AFFAIRS.

Appearing on behalf of Mr. Owen Hall, the well-known playwright, who was among the judgment debtors at Westminster County Court yesterday, Mr. Merton stated that his client's financial position was not as good as people might imagine.

The creditor, who had stated that the debtor lived in Cranbourne-mansions, and had a large house in Mandeville-place, accepted an offer of £5 per month on the judgment.

reduced to 5s., a fortnight afterwards to 4s., and last Friday to 2s. To-morrow I doubt if I shall get a cheque for even 2s., and every penny is precious to a widow."

"I believed in the profit-sharing insurance scheme because of the statement on one of Nelson's cards which said:—

Over £60,000 has been invested in Government and other securities to widows' pensions to widows.

"It is so terribly hard for me now this pension has gone. If it were not for my children, I would not wish to live another day. My life is one dreary toll."

GIRL'S DANGEROUS WORK.

Bursting of a Soda-water Bottle Leads to a Worker's Death.

Through the bursting of a soda-water bottle Ada Clark, a girl employed as a "filler" at Messrs. Batley's mineral-water factory in Kingsland-road, Shoreditch, received a cut on the hand, causing blood-poisoning, from which she died.

It was stated at the inquest yesterday that it was such a common occurrence for the bottles to burst while they were being filled that the girls took no notice of it. The "fillers," who earned 2d. an hour, wore masks and armguards, but the glass cut through the girl Clark's woollen protection.

In returning a verdict of Accidental Death the jury recommended more complete protection for the hands of the workers.

Sentence of two years' hard labour was passed at the Old Bailey yesterday on George Addis, who stole a brass lectern from St. Matthew's Church, Islington.

SHOPPING BY POST.

Growth of a Remarkable System in Great London Establishments.

LETTERS BRING BARGAINS

Fifty thousand ladies during the past week have been the victims of the great winter sales. They have submitted with the best possible grace to being pushed about, crushed, their hats disarranged, and generally being made hot and uncomfortable in order to obtain bargains.

They have probably succeeded, and feel the happier in the possession of sundry valuable articles at ridiculous prices. But they might have achieved precisely the same result without any of the discomfort and without stirring from their own doorsteps. Fifty thousand other ladies and more have done so by doing their shopping by post.

A fact, which has probably been undreamed of by the thousands of ladies who eagerly watch for the periodical sales, has been brought to light by the *Daily Mirror* during the past few days.

In every big establishment in the West End there is a special department devoted to "letter shopping." Prices are just as cheap, and bargains are just as great by letter as by personal selection.

There are many fortunate dwellers in the further suburbs and in the country who realise, and have taken full advantage of, this fact during the past week. But, as the thronged pavements of Regent-street, Bond-street, and Oxford-street have proved, there are many thousands who do not know of this inestimable boon of "letter shopping."

Started by Whiteley's.

The history of shopping by post is an interesting one. Forty years ago Mr. William Whiteley, as he began gradually to build up a great business, realised that there were a large number of ladies dwelling out of easy shopping reach. They lived in the far suburbs, in Surrey and Sussex and Kent, and they could not always come into London to do their purchasing. Therefore he issued a catalogue just for these far-away possible purchasers. Slowly they began to buy in this way and found it a good and trustworthy method of shopping.

The result of Mr. Whiteley's idea forty years ago has been astounding. From it has sprung the American "mail order" system, a vast and lucrative business practised throughout the United States. In all the great cities of the States there are firms who will sell to nobody living within a radius of fifty miles, and whose entire business is done by letter. In a smaller way, for distances are less in England, Mr. Whiteley is leading towards this here.

Take some hard, cold facts of his "mail order" department of to-day. In itself it is an establishment. Off Westbourne-grove there are big premises of four floors devoted entirely to letter orders. Two hundred young men and women do nothing else but execute orders sent by post.

12,000 Letters a Day.

"Within a radius of twenty miles," said the manager of this department to the *Daily Mirror*, "our own carts deliver thousands of packages daily and collect the money on delivery. If a lady is not satisfied she sends the things back again. Beyond this distance we work upon the only possible systems in this country—remittance before-hand, a deposit account, or good references."

"This postal business," he continued, "has grown steadily, until during the past year we have averaged 8,000 letter-orders a day. During the past few weeks it has risen to between 11,000 and 12,000 a day, but it is Christmas-time and the winter sales are on."

To those who declare that shopping by post is impracticable and unreliable Mr. Whiteley has an excellent answer. To 10,000 people throughout England he has sent a vast catalogue of 1,100 pages, and at sale-times special departmental lists are issued. Everything to be sold is contained in this great book. It is only necessary to write for it. If it is out of stock it will be procured within twenty-four hours.

To illustrate to what an extent this shopping by post has grown it may be mentioned that Mr. Whiteley's annual returns from this department are over six figures.

Big Staffs Busy.

Meanwhile, in every West End establishment to-day there is a special department for letter shopping. A staff of 100 is kept perpetually busy at Peter Robinson's for this purpose. Messrs. D. H. Evans have long prided themselves on fulfilling any order sent to them from the farthest quarter of the globe; while every other prominent shop, though it may not entirely like the system, is gradually being forced to adopt it.

Mr. A. W. Gamage told the *Daily Mirror* how he had made a special visit to Chicago to scrutinise the methods of the mail-order business. As a consequence to-day the Gamage catalogue is all over England.

"During Christmas," said Mr. Gamage, "we had 6,000 order-letters by the first post every morning, and 3,000 of them had money in them. This mail-order business is going to be a great feature in English shopping before long."

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Balfour left King's Cross for Scotland yesterday afternoon.

To amuse firemen's children during the winter Captain Hamilton has obtained a magic lantern apparatus.

While examining the signal points on the North London Railway Alexander Craigie was run over by a train and killed yesterday.

At Messrs. Stevens's Auction Rooms yesterday a lock of hair of King Edward IV., with authentic letters and memos, realised the sum of £22.

WILL AND THE DEED.

At Aberdeen a labourer has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for breaking the windows of a grocer's shop and stealing four bottles—of water.

It should be added that the bottles were labelled "Whisky."

HOAXING THE POLICE.

Terrible suspicions were aroused at Scaynes Hill, Sussex, when an agitated man told the police he had found a large parcel labelled:—

"Please take these poor remains to the police station. On investigation the parcel was found to contain a stuffed rabbit-skin.

PARISH COUNCIL IN DARKNESS.

Owing to a dispute between the vicar and the schoolmaster, the last meeting of the Gorden Parish Council, Montgomeryshire, was held in total darkness.

From the schoolroom, where the council meets,

HELPING LONDON'S UNEMPLOYED.



Out-of-works at Hadleigh employed in Salvation Army Colony. Their families are being supported by the Mansion House Fund.

the vicar had taken away to the vicarage two lamps, purchased six years ago by public subscription.

In the darkness was passed unanimously a resolution calling upon the vicar to return the lamps.

NOT THE CHAMBERLAIN.

The death is announced, at Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, of Joseph Chamberlain, a market gardener.

It is a strange coincidence that within a week of the famous statesman's visit to Preston the death should occur of his only namesake in the district.

THIEF'S CODE OF HONOUR.

Charged with stealing stockings from a shop in Dukinfield, Lancashire, a thief pleaded for leniency "because he had done an honourable thing in giving himself up."

It afterwards appeared that this "honourable thing" was the result of a companion threatening to "peach."

CHILDREN LIKE IT.

"Children, do you like your performance or not?" was the question put to twenty-three little girls, for whom licences to appear in "Alice in Wonderland" were sought at Grantham.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the children in chorus, so the magistrate granted the licence and wished the young actresses a Happy New Year.

MUST DO BETTER IN FUTURE.

Though for ten years a member of the estimates committee of the Perth Highland District Council, the Marquis of Breadalbane is stated never to have attended a single meeting.

For this reason it was recently proposed that Lord Breadalbane should be appointed in his place, but after a heated discussion the committee decided to give the Marquis "another chance."

The Empress Eugenie left Charing Cross for Paris yesterday.

There was not a single bid for a set of ping-pong utensils in an East London auction-room yesterday.

As an example of the fertility of West Cornwall it is cited a field at Perranuthnoe, which for thirty-six years has grown a crop of potatoes and a crop of broccoli in succession annually.

FINE DISTINCTION.

"Are you a seaman?" asked a counsel at the Cardiff Sessions.

"No, sir," said the witness indignantly, "I'm a sailor."

MAGISTRATE'S WAY OUT.

"It is not an offence to break into a club," said the Bradford stipendiary, after consulting the law on the subject.

"But," he added, "I can sentence you for doing wilful damage to club premises"; and on this charge three youths were sentenced to six weeks' hard labour each.

LAST OF THE "DISRUPTION MEN."

There now survives but one pre-Dissolution minister of the Free Church.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith, of Edinburgh, who is still active and mentally vigorous, was a missionary in Calcutta at the time of the Disruption, and on his return from India was for several years Professor of Evangelistic Theology in the New College, Edinburgh.

In 1863, when Dr. Guthrie was Moderator of his Church, he looked forward to this day, and spoke

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

LOUISE MICHEL, REVOLUTIONIST.

The death of Louise Michel, which has just taken place, recalls some incidents of a curious and stormy career. She was a school-teacher in a small French village before she went to Paris, where she speedily became one of the most fiery leaders of the revolutionary party; and later, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, and armed with a carbine, took active part in the sanguinary fighting at the barricades during the Commune in 1871.

Louise Michel, whose portrait will be found on page 1, was a woman of strangely mixed character. With all her extreme views, there was also in her a strong vein of more womanly tenderness and self-sacrifice.

It was to save her mother that she sacrificed her liberty and incurred a sentence of imprisonment for life, and when in the St. Lazarus Prison she would often deprive herself of food for days together in order that other prisoners might have it. A passionate sympathy and love for the poor was her dominating characteristic.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

After nine years of total blindness the sight of George Vasey, a man of sixty-one, who lives in the old colliery town of Shildon, Durham, has been miraculously restored to him.

The old man, whose portrait we reproduce on page 8, lost his sight owing to an accidental blow on the eye from a fellow-workman who was warming his hands by swinging his arms across his chest. The sight of one eye was destroyed at once, and some years later the other became sympathetically affected, with the result of total blindness.

For nine years this continued until, last August, he began to imagine he could perceive the difference between darkness and light. Since that time his sight has gradually improved until now it is practically as good as ever it was.

A NEW USE FOR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The Stepney Borough Council have found a new use for their public libraries, which will commend itself to everyone. They allow the poor children of the district to do their home-lessons in the comfortable reading-rooms. That the little ones appreciate the unaccustomed luxury of doing their work in the warm, well-heated rooms the photographs on page 8 amply demonstrate.

"KEIRO" APPEARS AGAIN.

Last October "Keiro," of whom a portrait is given on page 8, was convicted of fortune-telling and of obtaining money by false pretences.

Undeterred by this check to his very successful career, "Keiro" has just recommenced business at 124, Regent-street; but since the powers have decreed that it is illegal to tell fortunes for money by investigating the lines upon the hand he is careful not to do so. What he is prepared to do is to read the hands of his clients for nothing—that is if they have each provided themselves with a copy of an excellent book of palmistry and kindred sciences, for which one guinea is charged.

THE WILD WOLF OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The head of the wolf which ravaged Northumberland for six weeks, marking his track by slaughtered sheep, appears in an illustration on page 8. After terrorising two counties and reducing numberless hunting-parties to desperation, the animal came to an inglorious end in being run over by a Midland express train near Cumwhinton, a village not far from Carlisle. It was a magnificent specimen of a male grey wolf, and measured five feet in total length. The head is ten inches from the tip of the skull to the tip of the nose, and is at present to be seen in the shop window of a Derby taxidermist, who has preserved and mounted it in order that it may ornament the Midland Railway offices at Derby.

A TITLED REVIVALIST.

A leading member of the band of ladies of high social position, which has been organised to conduct a house-to-house visitation of the West End, in connection with the Tongy-Albion mission which opens in London on February 4, is Lady Wimborne, whose portrait appears on page 1. She is a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and married the present Baron Wimborne in 1868.

The magnitude of the task she and her colleagues have undertaken in connection with the coming mission at the Albert Hall may be gathered from the statement that not a single house or flat within a three-mile radius of the hall will be left unvisited. More than 100,000 visits will be paid.

AT THE HEAD OF THE RIVER.

Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., who has just been appointed president of the Thames Conservancy Board, has many qualifications for the post, besides the fact that he is already familiar with the work of the Board as an ordinary member. He is a great rowing man, and had a place in the Oxford boat which made a dead-heat with Cambridge in the remarkable race of 1877, as well as in that which was victorious in the following year.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1905.

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

DO we realise what a gloomy lot of people we are? Foreigners coming to England for the first time say we go about looking as if we had nothing pleasant to think over, no joys to anticipate. Those who want to be as kind as they can say we are "so phlegmatic." The rest call us plainly an ill-conditioned lot.

It is really only our "manner," but it certainly is not a cheerful manner. Otherwise we should not have policemen, and even Judges, thinking that anybody who is in high spirits must be intoxicated. Here is a little dialogue which has just enlivened the proceedings of Southwark County Court. A witness who was called after lunch answered the questions put to him in a "breezy, good-natured" way.

Judge Addison: Where have you been for lunch?

The Witness (surprised): To the coffee-shop. Judge Addison (incredulous): The coffee-shop at the corner—with a licence, eh?

The Witness (hurt): No, sir, not at all.

Judge Addison: Well, I believe you, but there is a cheerfulness about you which made me mis-conceive your condition.

In other words, the Judge could hardly believe that a man who was cheerful was not to some extent under the influence of drink! A deplorable state of things!

A man does not do his work better for going about it with a grim face. The chances are he does it worse. "Give me the workman who sings at his work," said Carlyle. The Sage of Chelsea hardly practised what he preached, it is true. But he knew the value of a light heart, though he had no one himself. It is a positive duty to ourselves and to others to

Put away life-harming heaviness.

And cultivate a cheerful disposition.

Let us try to get back the spirit which won the epithet "Merry England." At present "Miserable England" would more nearly meet the case.

CHANCE FOR THE CHURCHES.

Letters continue to reach the *Daily Mirror* office by every post from men and women who are anxious to marry and whose circle of acquaintance is so small that they cannot find husbands and wives.

Many of our correspondents call upon us to establish some such agency as we spoke of in our leading article on Saturday. Existing "matrimonial bureaux" fail, they say, to meet the needs of thousands whose hearts are crying out for affection and the happiness of home.

Suchly this is a work which the Churches ought to undertake. In every parish there ought to be arrangements for frequent social meetings between young women and young men. Every place of worship should have some organisation of the kind.

What could be more consonant with the spirit of Christianity than to offer opportunities for forming friendships which in many cases would ripen into love? There are vast numbers of both sexes who never have any such opportunities. In many cases they have no friends. In many others their friends do not entertain. Without forming chance street acquaintances, which are by no means to be recommended, they may never meet possible partners at all.

They see the fire of life burning brightly and warmly for others upon the hearth of love and home, but they cannot come near it themselves. It is hard to realise how many such people there are. Our experience of the last week has shown there are a very large number of them. Can they look for no hope from Church or Chapel? Does Religion regard them as being outside its scope?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What a nation wants consists mainly and exclusively of two factors: real women who do not want to be men; and real men who do not try to be women.—*Emil Reich*, in "Success Among Nations."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IT is good to hear that Captain Percy Scott, R.N., of gun-inventing fame, is soon to be made Director of Gunnery Practice, for he has long ago proved himself that "rare bird"—the naval officer with ideas. His extraordinary promptitude in the Ladysmith affair ought never to be forgotten. His ship, the Terrible, was in Simon's Bay, and a telegram came to it from General Sir George White, asking for guns without delay. Admiral Harris asked Captain Scott what he could do. "Give me the night to think it over," said the captain; and in the night he invented a new gun-carriage, which hurried the guns up in time to save Ladysmith. That was an "invention to order."

Mrs. Lewis-Hill, better known as Mrs. "Sam," Lewis, has always been a great traveller, and one is not surprised to learn that she has once more left London with her newly-married young husband, Captain Hill, this time for a long tour in the

Colonies. Like most very rich people, Mrs. Lewis finds that life in London means a constant demand upon her time and energy, and the only chance to rest for her is in travel, which takes her away from charitable meetings and society, and her work in the musical world.

Mrs. Lewis's main occupations in London are charity and music. Her last reception at Grosvenor-square was held only a few days ago to celebrate the success of Mr. Hart's *Pianoforte Quintet* (which has just won the prize of fifty guineas offered by Mrs. Lewis), and a great success it was. It is not generally known that this famous musical hostess is a sister-in-law of M. André Messager, the well-known musician and manager of Covent Garden. Besides her musical charities Mrs. Lewis gives away enormous sums every year to other good purposes, and particularly £10,000 a year to the King's Hospital Fund.

Whenever she travels this kind-hearted woman does her best to relieve the poverty she finds on

her path. Not long ago she made a tour in Turkey, and was appalled at the suffering and want in Constantinople. She immediately communicated with the various charitable institutions of the place—no matter what—*and* distributed a large sum amongst them. The thing came to the ears of the Sultan, and a little later, when she had left the city, Mrs. Lewis received a letter of recognition from him, and the reward of a magnificent Turkish Order.

A singularly interesting personality is that of Sarah Grand, who came once more before the London public as a lecturer last night at the Bishopsgate Institute. Of late years she has lectured rather more than she has written. She gives herself up almost entirely to the occupation in hand. She works all the year round, and every day but Sunday she is at her desk each morning at ten punctually, and writes or prepares her lectures until about half-past one. She has few fads about work, but one of them is that she must breakfast quiet alone. She likes also to be very tidily dressed at work, and she could not do anything at all without certain petit ornaments on her writing-desk.

Madame Sarah Grand, as she has come to be called, was once married. Her husband and she did not altogether agree, and they lived for years apart from one another. It is said that the husband always read the wife's books, however, as, indeed, everybody did when they appeared. To show how far her public reaches one may recall the experience of a friend of Madame Grand's—Mr. Archie Macfall, who is now on the stage. He once got into conversation with a farmer in the pit of a picture-theatre. The farmer extracted two packets from his pocket. One contained sandwiches and the other "The Heavenly Twins." "O've been at it three months," said the farmer, pointing to the latter, "but O'll finish it yet!"

Captain Marshall's new play will certainly give theatre-goers one pleasure which can be safely predicted—the pleasure of seeing Miss Nancy Price again in London. Miss Price won everybody's heart as the beautiful Calypso in Mr. Tree's production of "Ulysses," and made us all laugh by her inimitable shop girl in "Leitz." She is not only a popular actress; she also draws well in another sense. She has often told the story of the shock her gift of caricaturing occasioned her during the rehearsals at His Majesty's. She had "taken off" Mr. Tree in a little note-book, which she imprudently left lying on a table.

Captain Marshall picked up the note-book and began gesturing with it. Miss Price trembled. Would he open it and be offended? In time he did open it, but instead of being offended he only laughed heartily. After all, Mr. Max Beerbohm has no doubt accustomed his brother to caricature. But Miss Price had it very nervous. She was once started in a very different way, while playing in a melodrama. The villain was attacking her with cruelty when she heard a gallant voice from the gallery scream, "Hold him, miss, hold him—I'll be with ye in a minute!" The owner of the voice had to be calmed before the play could proceed.

Miss Price is very fond of driving and riding, but she has had a good many accidents while indulging in the taste for them. Her experiences when on tour in Ireland were most remarkable. One evening she hired a peculiarly-shaped car to take her to the theatre. When the car started it became obvious that the driver was drunk. Miss Price ventured to protest against his arsesque method of directing the horse. "Drunk, is it, am I?" he retorted, "begorra it is better he should be drunk and me horse sober. If me horse were drunk, now, it's not the theatre ye would get to this blessed night!"

It is no doubt strictly true that Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., has no official knowledge of the idea that he would be a suitable man to succeed Lord Milner in South Africa. He can say with a good conscience that no offer has been made to him. All the same, the Cabinet have already discussed Mr. Lowther's qualifications, and will devote further attention to the subject before Parliament meets.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 11.—The common, or German, irises may now be planted in open weather. They succeed well in a shady position, but there is no doubt they flourish best in the sun. These irises should be in every garden; blooming early in June, when flowers are rather scarce, they are particularly welcome.

Irises Stylosa, though seldom seen, is very beautiful. If planted in a warm, dry situation it will often bloom all the winter. It has lovely mauve flowers streaked with yellow.

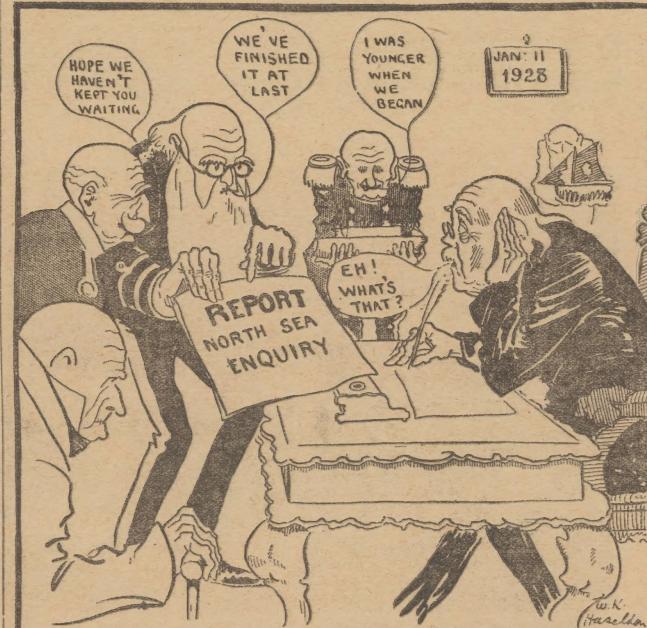
Irises Reticulata is another exquisite plant. It blooms very early in the year, and is easily grown. If it were less expensive, this iris would, I believe, be cultivated by everyone.

E. F. T.

Mr. Morley Phillips writes from Argyle Lodge, Whittington Park, Middlesex:—

"In bloom in my garden this morning—Primrose, polyanthus, Ch. astmas rose, yellow ja-mine, and snowdrop. The thrush was singing yesterday."

THE END OF THE BALTIC FLEET INQUIRY.



The inquiry into the North Sea outrage has at last begun in Paris, but at the present rate of progress Mr. Balfour will be a very old man before the Commissioners hand him the result of their sittings.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Duke of Northumberland.

HE is really a most exclusive person. He does not see why a man who can afford to pay for a railway carriage to himself should no have, or may, because he pays the same fare as a working man, he should be obliged to allow him the same carriage.

He has shown his views by presiding at a meeting of first-class ticket holders in Newcastle to protest against the North-Eastern Railway abolishing class distinction on their local electric line.

But, then, he is rather a relic of a past age. He is only sixty, but he must be judged by generations, not years.

Neither appearance nor his pursuits are those of mode's dandy. The large, air whiskers, which are known as "Piccadilly weepers," flourish luxuriantly upon his cheeks. His favourite occupation is pottering among antiquities in his own castle and at the British Museum, of which he is a trustee.

He finds those same castles and estates of his rather a burden upon him, for the e are six of them, not to mention a town house. The best known of them to Londoners is Syon House, that exceedingly ugly mansion surrounded by a huge lion, which is to be seen across the river from Kew Gardens.

Still, he is a good business man, and can look after his own interests, though socially he is shy and retiring. For those business abilities he was made Treasurer of the Household, the most notable thing he has done. His next most prominent work is a sitting in Parliament very unobtrusively for fifteen years and being president of the Archaeological Institute for eight.

Perhaps he is going to be famous at last as a champion of exclusiveness.

THE JAP IMMACULATE.

Besides food and ammunition, Japanese knapsacks contain a toothbrush, a comb, a towel, and a map of Southern Manchuria.—War Letter.

Ah, near Japan! Each week we hear New reasons why your hosts are strong. One secret of their strength is clear: They never start the day awry.

When bugsles wake at break of day, And morning gilds the Eastern lands, Your troopers hasten, straightaway, To some sweet stream and wash their hands.

That done, before the cannons boom, And sword and bayonet leave the sheath, Possessed of ample elbow room, They kneel in files and brush their teeth.

Then crash! The sounds of war begin. To give his foe an early scare, The Cossack tries, but midst the din The Jap, unblustered, combs his hair.

And last, before he bangs reply, Ere bullets, shot, and shrapnel whiz, He spreads his map where e't is dry, And finds exactly where he is. —Puck.

A DELICATE HINT.

Shortly before dinner-time a visitor arrived, who, in spite of the lateness of the hour, remained an unusually long time. The mistress of the house felt uneasy as to the "roast," the children began to feel the pangs of hunger. Atlast the four-year-old Nesta set off the difficulty and found a way of escape. Planting himself before the visitor, she asked in the most innocent manner possible: "You don't eat any dinner, do you?"—*Jugend* (German)



'MIRROR' CAMERAGRAPHHS.

FLOCKMASTERS' TERROR.



The head of the grey wolf which escaped from captivity, and whilst at large killed a number of sheep in Northumberland.

THAMES CONSERVANCY.



Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., who has just been elected chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board. — (Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.



The Battersea Borough Council are helping greatly to relieve the distress amongst the out-of-works of the district by finding employment at their works for some hundreds of starving and destitute men. This photograph shows some of the men engaged in preparing cinders for the manufacture of paving-slabs. — (Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

A SCHOOLROOM IN A LIBRARY.



The Borough Council of Stepney have introduced an excellent idea in creating special accommodation in their libraries where the poor little children of the district may go on an evening and prepare their home lessons in a warm, congenial atmosphere. Here are seen some of the little ones studying their tasks for the next day during a cold evening. — (Copyright: Daily Mirror.)



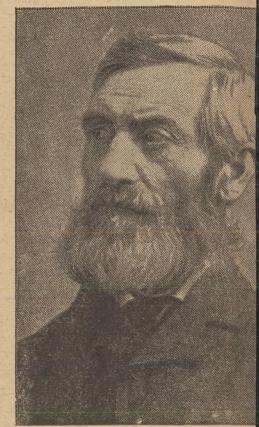
A large number of poor little children in the Whitechapel district have taken advantage of this excellent system, and this picture shows them at work on the morrow's lessons, happy and comfortable. — (Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

"KEIRO" REAPPEA



"Keiro," the well-known palmist, was in October last convicted of tune-telling and obtaining money by false pretences. He has reappeared at his rooms in Regent-street, and is now conducting his business on different lines.

A MODERN MIRAC



George Vasey, the old collier, of don, Durham, whose sight miraculously restored after nine years of total blindness. — (Smithson, Shif

A FLOOD SCENE AT YARMOUTH.



Southgate-road, Great Yarmouth, after the great floods caused by the high tides during the gale which ravaged the East Coast. This photograph was taken as the tides were slowly receding and when the water was still ankle-deep. — (T. Ayers, Great Yarmouth.)

A MAN IN A MILLION

OUR NEW SERIAL WHICH BEGINS TO-DAY



"I cannot, cannot give her up! My whole soul revolts. It is too great a sacrifice. It is cruel—cruel. The love of my life! The fiercest passion of my manhood! The noblest, sweetest song of my heart! The sin was small; the atonement is my very heart's blood."—(A dramatic incident in a forthcoming instalment of our powerful new serial story by Mr. Heath Hosken and Miss Coralie Stanton, which commences on page 10 of to-day's *Daily Mirror*.)

A MAN IN A MILLION.

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap." —GOETHE.

CHAPTER I.

The things that are—the things that were.

"How it rains! Oh, how it rains!"

The woman paced up and down two or three times between the table and the window with swift, restless steps, holding in one hand the mass of somewhat faded finery that she was engaged in fashioning into a new shape—somewhere about the sixth renovation the dress had known since it had left its original creator's hands.

Finally she stopped by the window, holding back the shabby red curtain with one hand, and looking out with brooding eyes into the cheerless night.

"How it rains!" she muttered again. "It seems as though we would never stop."

It was, indeed, a wild night. The rain was lashing against the windows; the fierce gusts of wind set all the panes rattling and moaned through the trees with a fearfully-disconsolate sound.

She shivered and dropped the curtain. There was nothing to look at outside. Only the sodden little front lawn and the tall hedge that all but hid the cottage from the road. She had looked at the prospect a thousand times, and hated it more than anything on earth. She went back to the table and sat down to her work. A newspaper was spread on the faded cloth of brocaded silk, and on it were cottons and pins and snips of chiffon from the ruche with which she was bordering a lace collar that was all frayed and torn at the edges from frequent immersion in the wash-tub.

The light from the lamp was dim, so she turned up the wick impatiently. It immediately began to smoke, and she turned it down again viciously, with a muttered exclamation. Then she took the lamp up and shook it and found that there was hardly any oil in it. She set it down again with a bang, folded her lips tightly, and went on sewing by the diminished light, with a look of speechless exasperation that one sees on the faces of women with whom little things have a way of always going wrong.

Her face was within the circle of dim light as she bent forward intent on her hasty, irregular stitches. The contour of it was almost perfect; the skin was fair and smooth; it was framed in a splendid mass of burnished auburn hair. She would have been a beautiful woman but for the marring expression of perennial discontent. Her dark, straight brows were almost invariably drawn together in disgust at something or other; little lines formed a network round her blue-black eyes; her mouth, a lovely natural bow, was nearly always compressed into a thin line of peevish complaint. At thirty-five these things tell. But for her expression she would have looked a girl; so smooth was her skin, so bright her hair, so straight and supple her tall figure.

Presently her cotton tied itself into a knot. She gave it a jerk, and it broke. This set the limit to the thousand and one petty inconveniences she had endured that day. She flung the heap of faded blue silk and lace on the table, and, springing to her feet, with clenched hands, she kicked her footstool violently to the other end of the room. She would have kicked it just the same

if it had been her dog. These uncontrollable fits of temper were growing on her; they were spoiling her looks. It was the fault of this awful life—this living death.

She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, and then she dropped back into her chair with her hands in her lap, and a great, hopeless, despairing sigh shuddered up from the very depths of her being, the sort of sigh that a woman whose life is over gives when she thinks of past delights.

Eight o'clock! And the day was done. The evening meal was over, and there were two or three interminable hours to be got through before one could go to bed and try to forget in sleep that to-morrow would be just like to-day. There was nothing more; indeed, there never was anything. Each day at Rosemary Cottage was one long, insufferable period of ennui punctuated by continual meals.

Her eyes roamed gloomily over the low-ceiled, irregular room, which was filled with good, but unmatched, furniture. It had an odd look, suggestive of past glories, which was precisely what it represented; for the whole cottage was furnished with the things that Richard "Tempest" had been able to buy back at the sale of his cherished household gods that had made beautiful the handsome house in Portland place. It was not a bad room, for, in the first realisation of ruin, when any hotheaded, playful human, far from debts and duns and maddening financial worries, she had taken a great deal of trouble about the cottage that was to become her home. But that was three years ago, and hers was a nature that poverty kills, and now the whole place had a neglected and unclean appearance.

While she sat thus the door opened and her husband came in.

"What's all alone, Vanna?" he asked. "Where's Joan?" His voice was affectionate and charming. He eyed her tenderly. She must have tried him sorely, continually, daily, but his love had stood the test with unshaken fortitude.

"She's upstairs packing," answered his wife. "Did you hear the frightened row she was making dragging her boxes about just now? Lucky little brute, she'll be out of this hole to-morrow!"

Richard "Tempest" sighed ever so slightly, and at down on the other side of the table. When he stood up he was a tall man; when he sat, he stooped and huddled himself up in a way peculiar to men who write. He was not handsome but he had a pleasant, refined face, weak about the shaven mouth and chin, with splendid, dark, dreamer's eyes, and he looked every day of his forty years. He wore a threadbare, brown velvet coat, and he had in his hand a dozen or so loose sheets of manuscript paper closely covered in a small, square handwriting.

"I've just finished this article," he said, as he placed the sheets in their proper order. "I'm sure 'Rural Life' will take it. Malcolm, the editor, paid me quite well for the last, only it was so short; and he's a nice chap, too, and gave me one most valuable hint. Would you like me to read this to you, Vanna? You might notice something I had overlooked."

"What is it about?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it won't interest you much," he said loupily. "It's called 'A new idea for a Bee Farm'."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't read it, then!" she cried ungraciously. "You know how I loathe anything to do with the country. I can't understand you, Dick," she added, with a sort of irritable curiosity. "You've just as much of a town bird as I, and yet now I do believe you're perfectly happy in this awful hole, with nothing on earth to do and not a soul to speak to."

"I should be happy, dear," he put in gravely, "if you were."

She frowned, and went on pettishly:

"Why, the very sound of the rain drives me

crazy! Ever since Christmas it's done nothing but rain."

"It has been a shocking spring," he admitted, "and April nearly over. It is hard on you, because bad weather keeps you indoors. But it's bound to break now, and it's done a heap of good."

She laughed scornfully, and a silence fell between them.

It was true; he would have been perfectly happy if she had not been so wretched. Born and reared in towns, at thirty-seven he had taken to this most rural spot as kindly as a duck takes to water. He had everything he wanted; the rambling cottage, of which the rent was merely nominal, because it stood so close to the road; the tangled wilderness of a garden behind, that he could not afford to keep up, except to produce his vegetables, and twelve miles distant in the west, the river, to which he could ride on his bicycle in the hot summer days, and he and dream under the pleasant shade of trees, and listen to the sound of laughter and song, and the tinkle of guitar's and the strum of banjos from the houseboats moored against the bank.

But he knew that to Vanna all that was nothing. She hated exercise, and the neglected garden was an eyesore to her, and, if she did on rare occasions accompany him to the river in the summer-time, she could not see the loveliness of Nature for the flower-trimmed houseboats that she envied from the bottom of her soul. Yes, hers was a nature that poverty kills; and her husband knew it, and the knowledge made his life, otherwise full and contented, into a hell.

Presently she broke the silence. Her voice was still querulous, but more animated.

"This is Friday—do you remember our Friday suppers at the Savoy, Dick?"

"Yes," he answered uneasily. He never knew how to take this passion of hers for reminiscences, for going over in detail, when they were alone together, all the gaieties, the social functions, the friendly little reunions of the old days, when he had been a comparatively rich man and she had shone as the queen of a certain small coterie. He thought it was bad for her to live in the past. Well though he knew her, and deeply though he cared for her, he was a man he could not understand that these memories were actually her life, that these were her moments of enjoyment, when she lived over past delights, since she could not have them in the present.

"What times we had!" she murmured. Her face glowed; the ugly lines vanished; she was beautiful. "Our table was always the centre of a tracition. Dick, do you remember that pinky-mauve chiffon dress I used to wear? Jack Marston always said it was the most beautiful gown he ever saw."

"I like you in that one just as well," said her husband tenderly.

"Oh, Dick. But you have no eyes." Nevertheless, she smiled and smoothed the dyed black silk, and pulled the white fichu into place. "I can't understand you," she went on impulsively. "You don't seem to regret a bit."

"That's because you are all I want, dear," he said very gently.

She flushed and her lips trembled, for she was not a bold-hearted woman.

"You make me feel such a brute," she murmured. "It's not that—you know that you are everything to me, you and Joan, and that I love you both dearly. But, oh, I can't explain—it seems so silly and trivial when one says it—but this life, I can't bear it, it is killing me. The monotony, the sameness—to be right out of the world, not to know what's going on—never to see a play, not to know what's being read, what's being sung, what's being worn—to know that your friends have forgotten you, the people who fawned on you and flattered you; or, if they remember you at all, it's as 'that poor Vanna Tempest'!"

"I have been happy every minute," murmured Gertrude, as her clear eyes met his in the confidante gaze of perfect love and true understanding. "You have been simply lovely to me all the time."

"I had the idea," answered the bridegroom, "that 'twas you who made our trip so perfect. I am glad to think I've had some share in it. But our little playtime is drawing to an end now. As mistress of a large estate, as lord of the manor, you will have your hands full if you carry out your plan of doing it yourself."

"Oh, I cert'nly y' shall," she cried. "Alanson would have it so, I know."

She could not help it; her voice broke. The mention of her brother's name broke down the instant her resolve to keep memory at arm's length until the morrow.

"You see," she continued hurriedly, "his greatest pride was in his estate, and he had a deep personal interest in all his tenants. But I shall not let you be too much worried, dear. You have your career, and nobody will interfere with that."

"Thanks to Jane Brown!" he cried. "What a wonderful start I've got."

"But you were so clever," replied the proud wife, "you made such a brilliant success of the myx company."

"I was all done for me. Brassier's papers were

in such perfect order, and there is such a demand for onyx that financiers simply jumped at the chance to form a company. Poor old Jane Brown,

She paused for breath, and just then the door opened and her daughter came into the room.

Joan was nearly fifteen, a tall, thin, strip of a girl. She was not very attractive just now; her face was too thin and too serious, and her brows were so very straight and so very black that they gave her an expression almost fierce in its intensity; but an artist would have prophesied that she would one day be far more beautiful than her mother. She had Vanna's splendid blue-black eyes, but her hair was that strange and rarely-seen combination of very dark brown and gold, that looks like burnished copper in the light and almost raven black in the shadow. She wore it in a great thick braid that reached below her slim waist, and her mother dressed her in frocks that were a little too short for a girl of such unusual height.

"Finished, chick?" asked her father, as she crossed the room to his side.

"Yes, dad, quite ready to start at whatever unearthly hour the carrier comes for me," Joan answered. Her voice had the low tones and peculiar charm of her father's and none at all of Vanna's strange and rather fascinating metallic quality; but it needed no great skill in the science of physiognomy to see that she had her mother's temper, and some more of her own, besides.

She was going back to her boarding-school in a town on the south coast early on the next morning, after spending her Easter holidays at home. That was the one sacrifice Richard "Tempest" had rigidly imposed on his wife, the setting aside of an adequate sum out of the wreck for Joan's education. The girl would have to earn her own living, he said, and she must be well taught.

Joan perched herself on the arm of her father's chair and looked across at her mother.

"Brixton has just given notice," she said abruptly.

All the ugly lines came back into Vanna's face; the softened look vanished as if by magic; her face was nowomous.

"What do you mean?" she asked. Brixton was the "general" who did all the household work of the cottage and the cooking, too, with very occasional and grudging help from her mistress.

"She came to me just now," Joan went on, "and said that she was very sorry, but she must go."

"And why, pray, didn't she come to me?" asked Vanna, sharply.

The girl hesitated a moment, then said, rather timidly:

"She well, I think she's afraid of you, mother. She says you gave her such a frightful slanging yesterday. Anyway, she says she must go—she has stood it as long as she could."

"Stood what, pray?"

"You, mother." There was no disrespect in Joan's direct statement; she was merely condensing into one word the lengthy and incoherent tirade of the indignant Brixton.

"It's enough to infuriate a saint!" cried Vanna, shrilly. "The c idjots do ev'rything wrong, and the moment you correct them they pack up and go. Brixton is an impudent hussy—and what am I going to do now? Do the work myself, I suppose. I shall never get anyone else to come to this deserted hole. Oh, it's all very well for you two" she went on, her voice surging into a very passion of self-communion; "you have nothing to do with these horrors. When I think of the old days I cou'd wi' myself dead. The idea of one of my servants daring to criticise me!"

Joan saw her father flinch and a look of acute pain light in his eyes and then die away into a dull despair. All the generous indignation of you all flamed in her. She saw how her father suffered; she saw how nobly, quietly, unselfishly he worked. And she forgot for the moment that the working-class experience as a human being must not always be expressed by a daughter.

(Continued on page 11.)

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER LXV.

At home.

Some five hours after this conversation between Lady Chetnole and the "millionaire" boy, the train which bore the bride and bridegroom was rapidly approaching the station by Compton Knoyle. As the country about became more and more familiar, Gertrude Mordant became more and more animated. She pointed out this and that well-known landmark to her husband; and he responded with an enthusiasm equal to hers. Each knew that the other was acting. Each was well aware that the homecoming could not be far off. Gertrude had not been near the place since the death of her brother a year ago. All the neighbourhood was associated with the grey for her, and yet they continued to play at a charming and gracious p^ece. Each was determined that no cloud from the past should throw its shade over the last days of this honeymoon, which had been so vivid a time of delight to both.

how much we owe her, and how quaint she looked as she stood there on the platform waiting for us."

"Yes," answered Gertrude, with a smile. "Lady Chetnole told me she brought her the c simply as main force. She says that silly Jane is begging to be taken back into her service. Did you hear anything so absurd?"

"I know what it will end in," said Mordant; "you'll take her on as housekeeper down here."

"A good idea," laughed Gertrude. "If we should get hard up some time I could 's^p into the housekeeper's room, and borrow fifty or a hundred-fred thousand pounds."

"True—that would keep the butcher and baker quiet for a few weeks. Seriously, though, you will find you will be compelled to provide some such refuge as that for her. You must have somebody, you know, since all the old lot have either been pensioned or paid off."

"The situation is ridiculous," said Gertrude; "but if I can find a useful niche for her, if we decide that it would really be a kindness."

"Are you quite sure," he asked, as the train began to slacken speed, "that we had better go on a whole year now, and there are only two servants there. I have let you have your own way, Gertrude, but it seemed so bad for you, that I prepared an alternative. I wired to the inn that the p^eaps 'c^m go come there. You know they would make us jolly comfortable for a few days."

"I, too," thought Gertrude, with a little smile, "have prepared an alternative—but it is a better one."

"There's Ro^erick," she cried, as the train drew up to the station; "a fine, manly little fellow, Hughe."

"We must try and be father and mother to him," he said gravely.

"Here you are," exclaimed the boy, as he looked around to see whether anybody had noticed that his aunt had publicly kissed him.

"Everything has been done just as you ordered," he cried. "Nobody has come to meet you but me; but you can't put the public welcome off very long. In^o your carriage quick—I'm coming on after, with the luggage."

And the important little man swaggered off as the carriage drove away.

"Where is the driver taking us?" cried Mordant, looking out his a^{ys}. "This is wrong."

"Sit still, and ask no questions," said Gertrude, smiling through tears.

"Thus it was that they were driven to Mordant's own house—the home which he had thought long to him to ever.

"I b^{ut} it is my wedding present to you," she whispered, when they were alone in the drawing-room together.

He clasped her in his arms and held her close to his heart.

THE END.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN,

Authors of "Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

(Continued from page 10.)

"Oh, mother," she cried impatiently, "do stop that everlasting grizzling! Can't you see that it's killing poor father?"

This was the last straw. Vanna's eyes blazed; her whole body shook in her fury. This was the climax to a day in which her temper had steadily been getting out of hand. In a frenzy of exasperated nerves, she turned on the girl, and used language that no one had ever heard on her lips before.

"Oh, curse you!" she cried. "Curse this horrible little hole and this awful life! Curse everything!"

The next moment the door had banged behind her, wakening all the echoes of her little home.

CHAPTER II.

It is not so hard to sow as to reap.—*Goethe*.

Father and daughter, left alone, looked at each other aghast.

Richard Tempest had gone very white. He looked almost dazed.

"Your mother. Your mother!" he murmured dully. Then he suddenly buried his face in his hands.

Joan had slid from the arm of his chair to the ground. She knelt by his side and smoothed his shabby coat sleeve, saying in her serious, sensible way: "Don't take it so terribly, dear. Poor mother, she doesn't mean it. She has a lot to worry her, and it is annoying about Britain."

"Such language!" he went on with a pained incredulity that was very pathetic. "You never heard it except in the street. Her temper is awful. And she said she wished she were dead!"

"She didn't mean it, I doo—Of course, she didn't mean it." The girl hesitated a moment, and then added: "Dad, couldn't I leave school this term, and then there'd be a little more—for mother—and I could help in the house and make things a bit more comfortable?"

Richard Tempest raised his head; his weak mouth was compressed into the firmest lines it was capable of assuming.

"Not on my account," he said. "I wouldn't hear of it. I won't have a penny of the money touched that has been put by for your education. Just as you're getting on so well, too. Your last report was simply ripping. You're a little brick; you always were a little brick. And I'm afraid you'll have to fight right enough anyhow. Now, run away, dear, and find your mother, and you'd better get to bed soon, for you'll have to be up early. And—man, I think I'd apologise to mother although—" He broke off, and added rather hastily: "She'd like it, and—"

"Of course I will," said the girl quietly. She jumped to her feet and tossed back her splendid pigtail that had fallen over her shoulder. "It was quite wrong of me to speak to mother like that. I do wish," she added, with a wistful sigh, "that mother could go to London for a few weeks. Oh, dad, I'm so glad I shall soon be old enough to earn money and help you both. Won't it be splendid?"

They smiled at each other in perfect comprehension. Joan admired her beautiful mother immensely, but she was far nearer to her father in mind.

"You always were a little brick," murmured Richard Tempest, as she went out of the room.

He followed her in a few minutes, but, instead of going upstairs, he crossed the tiny hall and went into his study. The room dignified by this name was at the back, next to the kitchen, and the window looked out on to the tangled wilderness of a garden.

There was scarcely any furniture in the room. A large table stood by the window, one wall had haphazardly improvised bookshelves, filled with shabby volumes, chiefly on agricultural subjects. A warm plaid dressing-gown hung on a hook on the door, which garment Richard Tempest had had to wrap himself in all through the late cold winter and bitter spring, for there was no fireplace in the room.

Then he put his elbows on the table, and, planting his chin in his hands, gave himself up to the most distressing and disturbing thoughts that his mind had harboured for many a long day.

His distress at Vanna's exhibition of temper went far deeper than his daughter could understand, even though the girl was serious and wise beyond her years. It was not merely that she had entirely lost control of herself and sworn at her daughter and banged out of the room; it was that he was forced to watch while her nature steadily deteriorated, month by month, almost day by day.

It had filled him with misery for months; to-night it seemed to have reached a climax. Poverty was doing this evil thing to Vanna Tempest; ruining her temper, souring her nature, threatening to lose her daughter's respect. It seems unnatural, almost incredible, that a woman who was neither evil nor perverse by nature could make her husband's life a hell because she had to do without garments and expensive frocks, chifions, and suppers and dances, and all the rest of it. But such was the case. Those things were the breath of life to Vanna Tempest. The lack of them made her life a living death.

She spent her days in complete isolation, brooding, living in the past. She would not mix with

her neighbours; the county people had not called, and the staid social efforts of the professional set bored and exasperated her in turns. She had no resources; she was by no means an intellectual woman; she did not care for reading; she never worked, unless it was to furnish up some finery; as time passed she neglected her household more and more. She told her husband almost every day, sometimes solemnly, other times peevishly or tumultuously, that her life was over.

Sometimes even his patient temper revolted. He told himself that she was old enough to know better; but then, again, he reminded himself that she was young enough for the rest of her life to seem an eternity.

In three years she had become a different woman. He did not believe her old friends would know her if they saw her now.

Life had been full of promise, when they had fallen in love with each other and married, nearly seventeen years ago. She had been Vanna de Courcy then, a tall slip of a light-hearted girl, whose high-sounding name represented nothing but distant relationship to a noble family, itself impoverished and fallen on evil days. He had taken her from poverty and given her a comfortable and easy life, which, with her social gifts, she soon made into a brilliant one.

His father had left him a comparatively large fortune. He gave her everything she wanted, and, for a time, she was content. Then she began to want more. She wanted to be very rich, to be in the first flight of fashion.

Urged by her, and advised by various people, he entered the dangerous field of speculation. For a time all went well, and they flourished exceedingly and Vanna all but realised her ambition. Then came the ebb of the tide, and they were washed out on it, with incredible rapidity, right into the sea of financial ruin. That tide never turned for them.

That was the whole story, simple and common enough. The world went on just the same; nobody noticed much when they dropped out. A few friends gave them passing thoughts of pity, and went to the sale and bought Vanna's furniture and Vanna's jewels, and said it was so sensible of the Tempests to bring them to the country. But that was all. There were some entirely forgotten. The smash had been very thorough, one, absolute and complete extinction.

And now, after three years, it all came back with intense vividness to Richard Tempest, as he sat in the cold, bare little room where he worked every day with really heroic patience and with small regard to the one thing that he had discovered he had a talent for.

To-morrow the news of the past pursued him, too. He saw Vanna then and Vanna now. His heart beat for her, he saw with her eyes; the change in their circumstances was no longer a misfortune to be borne with more or less equanimity, but rose to the height of a tragedy, making life insupportable. He had never thought bitterly of her, although she had never stood beside him bravely in the troublous times, which were mainly due to her. But now, to-night, there was something sublime in his pity; he looked upon her as a martyr; he forgot all his own disappointments in his unselfish distress because he could not give her what she wanted—luxury, distractions, gaiety, adulation, all of which, as a beautiful woman, was her rightful dues.

His daughter's words rang in his ears unceasingly.

"I do wish that mother could go to London for a few weeks."

How delighted Vanna would be! It would make her young again; it would give her new life—even the sight of the pavements of the great city that she so loved. She had often said so. He had once or twice tentatively suggested a cheap excursion; but she had shaken her head and answered with scornful fervour: "Never. I will never set foot in London again until I can go properly and have a good time."

And now the thought possessed him, and would give him no rest. If only Vanna could go to London for a few weeks and have a good time. It was just the best part of the season; the first of May was next week; everything would be so bright and fresh; the shops would be so tempting, the restaurants so full.

Suddenly his eyes fell on a letter, addressed to him, that was lying on the top of a batch of papers. He had received it that morning. As he remembered the contents, a light-half-fearful, half-eager—leaped into his fine dark eyes. He took the sheet out of the envelope and read it through. The square paper bore an address in a court leading off Throgmorton-street; the letter was type-written, but signed in a bold black handwriting. It ran thus:

My dear Tempest—Yours received. I was surprised and pleased to hear from you again. I hope you're well. I regret to have to tell you that the character you mention are absolutely valueless. You know, you bought them against my advice. By-the-way, if you want a good thing, buy Hazard Deep. Buy them at once. They are $7\frac{1}{2}$, and will be 14 by next account. They are going to boom. This is a straight tip.

Look me up next time you are in town. I suppose you often come up.—With best wishes, very sincerely yours, ANTHONY HERON.

The letter was obviously that of a busy man; death had it not been that his perusal of the newspapers every morning filled him with irrepressible glee. For Hazard Deep was rising steadily day by day. They had risen three points at the end of the week. Richard was horribly tempted to sell them then, but he trusted in Anthony Heron. The financier had said they would go to fourteen in a fortnight. When they touched fourteen he would sell them, and not before.

And when the day before the account came they sat at a fraction above fourteen. In the morning Richard rode on his bicycle into Bodlington and dispatched a telegram to Anthony Heron: "Please send Hazards—Tempes." It was perhaps the proudest, certainly the happiest, day of his life.

That morning Vanna received a letter that brought a momentary gleam into her eyes and a rush of colour into her pale face, on which the lines were beginning to look as if they were traced by a sharp instrument. The letter was delivered by hand by a chauffeur who drove a gorgeous motor-car. It was written in an uneducated hand on glorified paper, bearing an enormous monogram in gold, and the address, "Bodlington Hall, Bucks."

When Richard came back she showed it to him. "That odious Connolly woman has asked me to dine there to-morrow night," she said, with a mixture of indignation and anger. "The invitation is a kind of insult; she doesn't ask you. Obviously some other woman has disappointed her at the last moment. She says she will send for me, as if I were a schoolgirl. I won't go there for me, I assure you."

RICHARD TEMPEST.

He paused a moment, and then scribbled underneath:

P.S.—I suppose they are really a good thing, and are bound to go up. Times are hard here, you know.

When he had finished and sealed up the envelope, he literally trembled. He had been accustomed to lose and win thousands in an hour in the old days, and yet now a paltry hundred shares represented to him the most dazzling flight of speculation. There was something pathetic about it, something tragic as well, for, in his ambitious literary efforts, by denying himself all but the barest necessities of life, he had managed to save up a hundred pounds in the last three years, which he had meant to keep for a possible rainy day. That was all that he had in the wide world to speculate with, and, if the shares dropped a point, he would have to sell them out at once, for fear of having to pay more differences.

Tony Heron had said they were going to boom, and he generally knew, but there was an unwillingness in Richard Tempest's heart that just because he had touched them, they would drop. Luck had so completely deserted him these last three years.

On the contrary, if they rose? He gazed all over at the very thought. He would say nothing to Vanna; he would keep it a dead secret. And then—ah, how delightful it would be!

The old fever of excitement began to steal into his veins. The child had forgotten its burns. There would be an added zest to life in the financial column of the morning paper. And if?

Never, it seemed to him, had so much hung upon a few mining shares. Already, although the letter was not yet posted, he was eaten up with suspense.

To calm himself he forced his thoughts from the fret and fever of the Stock Exchange to one of the agricultural questions in which he had deliberately absorbed himself these last three years, and, having mapped out an article, which he intended for the "Field," he wrote steadily and soberly far into the night.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!—*Shakespeare*.

I'm so sorry, Dick. I was a perfect brute, and vulgar, and altogether horrible!"

Vanna's face was pale and bore traces of tears. She was sometimes very generous in her repentance.

It was the next morning. Breakfast was over, and Joan and her boxes had departed. Together husband and wife stood in the tiny porch in a dazzling flood of April sunshine. Vanna's arms were full of daffodils. After her outburst of last night she was full of good resolutions, and her first impulse was to make the house look pretty. Also, she had pocketed her pride, smiled on the late Brixton, and persuaded her to stay.

Richard Tempest laid his arm affectionately on her shoulder. "It is all right, old girl," he said. "I know you didn't mean it, and I'm afraid you do have a beastly dull time."

Everyone knows how easy good resolutions are to make; what dreary things they are to keep. During the next week Vanna did her best; she tried harder than she had ever tried before to be content. She bustled about the house, she cooked Richard's favourite dishes; she even sang as she mended his socks. The result was harmony and a dumb admiration on Richard's part; but it told more on Vanna than even her outbursts of temper had done. He saw how, day by day, she grew more listless, and he would have been worried to

tears in her eyes—tears of joy.

"Oh, Dick, are we really? How lovely—how absolutely perfect! Oh, Dick, how I love you!"

"I want you to go by yourself, dearest, if you don't mind," he said gently, and with a little shadow in his loyal eyes.

"Oh, Dick, but why?"

"Well, I don't feel up to it—and, beside, you see, it will last so much longer if there's only one."

"But it is a fortune!" she cried.

"Not when you come to think of the frocks you will buy, and the hats and things. You're to do the shopping properly, and you are to start to-morrow. You're to stay at the Savoy."

Her face was flushed; her eyes glistened. She looked as young as Joan. But still she pouted.

"But I shall be so lonely, Dick."

"Not at all of it," he said stoutly. "You'll look up your women friends; and I shall write to Heron and ask him to look after you. He's just the man to give you a real good time."

"The great Anthony Heron!" she exclaimed, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes. You've never met him; but he's an awfully good chap. I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you're enjoying yourself if I ask him to look after you. Now, go and begin your preparations."

"Oh, Dick, how good you are!" she cried, kissing him rapturously.

"I'm so glad, darling," he muttered hoarsely.

"I'm so glad I've been able to do this for you."

It may seem strange that Richard Tempest should have chosen Anthony Heron, a man she had never met, and whom he knew far from intimately, to render Vanna those little courtesies that, to a woman, mean "having a good time"; but, as it happens, it was not strange at all, because it was Fate.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE FASHIONABLE SLENDER WAIST IS PRODUCED BY THE CORSETIERE.

THE NEW FIGURE.

LATEST ALTERATIONS IN FASHIONABLE CORSETS.

Time has emphasised the demands fashion made at the beginning of last autumn for small waists, and now it is not will you, but you must, when the question of lessening the belt measurement comes up for debate.

You must possess a well-modelled figure, instead of the careless-looking one that was encased so loosely in the pouched bodice of last year. You must pull your waist measurement up, so that it appears quite two or three inches less than it was. It need not actually measure more than an inch less when the dressmaker passes the tape round it, but it must look as if it were ever so much smaller than it was. In point of fact, to reduce the subject to a few words, the waist is now a feature of the figure by reason of its slimness and trimness, whereas before it was quite a secondary consideration in a woman's general aspect.

It is necessary to remember here that the physicians of the day are not preaching against the corset of

comfort, and when they need specially devised ones.

Let us now pass in review some of the ways in which the size of the waist may be apparently diminished. Your dressmaker will help you considerably to attain this end. She will make the corsage of your latest dress fit you exquisitely, not too tightly, because that would not appeal to your sense of beauty; but probably after the fashion of one of those new and utterly charming half-loose, half-tight, and wholly becoming models, gauged lightly at each seam. She will give you a full skirt and very full sleeves, especially at the shoulders. Put two and two together and the result will be apparent, for given wide shoulders, a clinging corsage, and a skirt that is voluminous, it stands to reason that the waist must look its smallest in contrast.

To Assume the Curves.

But your dressmaker will be quite helpless, and all her endeavours on your behalf will be as nothing if your corset is not of a good fit and new, so that it will assist your figure to assume the curves and lines La Mode now demands for it.

Pray let us carry the argument further, by comparing the corset of to-day, as Mine. Dowding makes it, with the one you must now discard. The latest corset will be seen sketched on this page; it is much higher than its predecessor, it is less straight-fronted, though all the comfort of the

so gives support to the figure where support is needed. It is also a delightfully pretty little stay, and may be made to match the corset exactly in the daintiness of lace and ribbon, or in pretty gauze stripes inset with lace. At the back there is special support afforded to the shoulders, and the shoulders themselves are held back comfortably so that the figure is emphasised and made to look most beautiful.

THE SICK ROOM.

Linseed-meal is an excellent material for poultices, as it retains the heat a long time, and is not heavy or uncomfortable. A linseed poultice must be made as follows. Take two or three cups of water, and put them into a saucepan, boiling hot. Stir into the water the linseed-meal, little by little, until it thickens enough to be used on the cloth. Make it perfectly smooth, and cut the cloth large enough to cover the surface of pain entirely, but

rubber bags is a convenient and helpful cold application, only care should be taken to avoid the wet resulting from melting ice.

Ointments and liniments should be rubbed into the skin. The interior of the throat is treated by gargles or by inhaling steam. Listerine and warm water make a fairly good gargle; also, warm water with a few drops of turpentine added, or warm water and salt, or even warm water and lemon-juice. Another way to reach the throat in cases of slight sore throat is to bandage it with a cloth soaked in alcohol, or to go to bed with a stocking round the throat, an old-fashioned, but efficacious remedy.



On the left will be seen the Redingote, which is the latest invention of a famous corsetiere for the improvement of the figure.



This is the Princess corset, which makes the waist look tiny and is yet absolutely comfortable and delightful to wear.

straight front is preserved; it hinges the waist at the sides and back, and it has no basque. This is one type; and one that Mme. Dowding sells to girls whose waist measurement does not exceed, say, one-and-twenty inches. Above that measurement a basque is usually necessary, so that the hips may be prettily modelled as well as the waist. Mme. Dowding specially attends to each customer's requirements, and never sells a single corset which she herself is not satisfied is the stay part excellence that will enhance her customer's beauty and detract from her poor points if there are any.

That is why short-waisted and round-shouldered girls are taken to her by their mothers, and why, when they emerge from Faraday House, they look so sylph-like and metamorphosed. So, should the Princess waist-basque corset prove unsuitable, there are hundreds of other models that will prove just perfection.

Let me now introduce to your notice another invention that Mme. Dowding has just produced. It is called the Redingote, and is illustrated on this page. The name is very apt, because it really describes the intention of this daintily-boned bust bodice, which is so model the figure that the closely-fitting redingote, a tailor-made corsage, the Director's coat, and all the rest of the cleverly modelled habiliments of the hour, may fit absolutely well. The Redingote is worn over the corsage as the picture shows it, and

be sure not to let the poultice drip at the edges or in any way be uncomfortable to the patient.

Carry the poultice to the bedside on a small, clean board, or a hot plate, and carry away the old one; do not leave old poultices in sight after their work has been accomplished. A poultice jacket is often prescribed to envelop the entire chest in cases of pneumonia. This can be made in two pieces, front and back, tied securely together at the sides and over the shoulders. Bread poultices are lighter and more bland than linseed-meal ones, but cool quickly and hold less moisture; they are also apt to crumble and to become rough as they dry. Milk should never be used instead of water for them, as it has no advantage over it, and becomes sour.

Cleanly Fomentations.

Fomentations are cloths wrung out of hot water, which may be pure or medicated. They have the advantage of being clean, light, and quickly prepared, but they require constant attention, and should be changed every ten or fifteen minutes.

To avoid burning the hands in the hot water used the flannel cloths may be put between a towel folded in such a way that the towel may be dipped in boiling water and the ends remain dry. Wring out the surplus water, and apply the hot flannels to the painful parts. This is often a great relief to pain.

If the hot flannel is covered with a piece of oilskin it will keep hot much longer than if left uncovered. Any poultices or hot applications put on an unconscious patient should be watched, as a very hot one may burn or a cold one be left on to the discomfort of the victim. In any application of mustard or turpentine care should be taken to watch the surface of the skin. If it gets too red it should be dusted with powder or a little vaseline applied.

Hot-water bottles should not be put too near an unconscious patient, as a bad result may result. Cloths wrung out of water, or taken off the ice and applied frequently, are great comfort in cases of fever or headaches, or even of a tired brain. But a headache that is caused by being in a cold wind is better treated by warm applications than by cold ones. Crushed ice in small india-

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